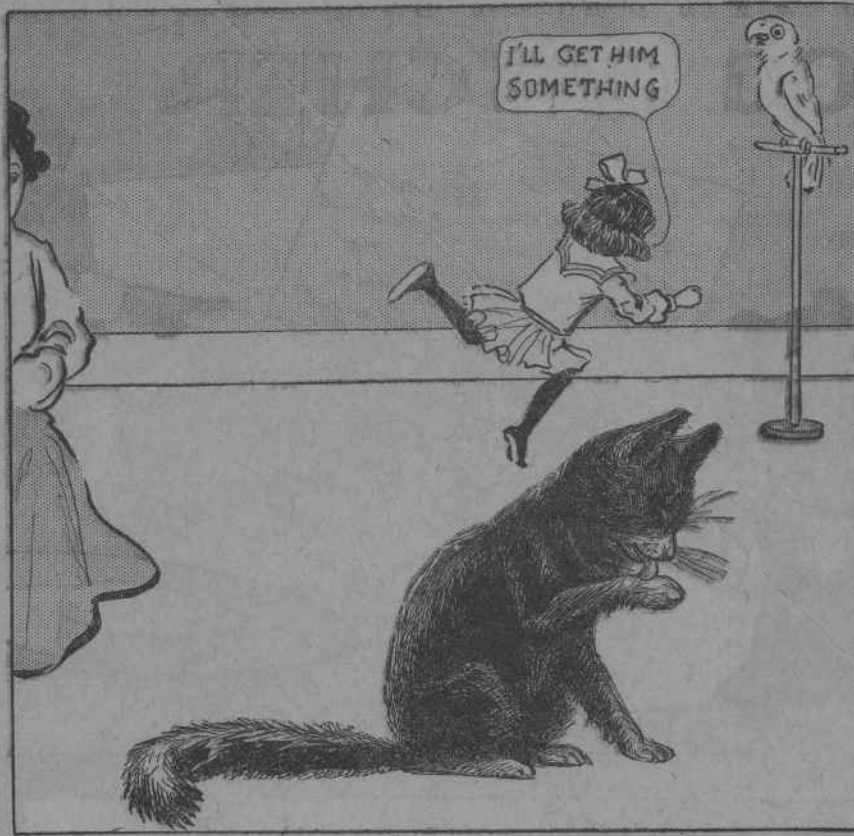


Yes little girl, always be kind to animals they like it



Who Was to Blame?

It was just one week before Jack Cartington's wedding day, and an important question was on his mind as he came in and put his arm lovingly around his bride to be.

Jack was nothing if not businesslike and methodical, and he determined that nothing should be left undone to mar their happiness. "Darling," he said, seriously, "this is the last night we can be together before our wedding and I want to discuss our trip with you. Now, I have been thinking it over, and I'm going to offer you your choice of two trips. You can go to California or Europe. What do you say?"

For some time Mabel Morlin did not speak. Finally she started up apologetically. "Forgive me, dear," she said, "when you spoke I was trying to think just what I would have on my wedding gown. These details don't interest you, of course, but they are important to me. What did you say?"

"I said, dear," said Jack, "that you could go to either California or Europe for your wedding trip. I will give you your choice. Personally I think I should prefer California. I have never seen it, and I think one ought to see one's own country first; but don't let this influence you."

Mabel looked absently out of the window. "Mother has some old point that would be fine," she said, "but we are all afraid it isn't long enough. In that case I shall have to use Valenciennes. After all, it might be better."

"Yes, I think so, too," replied Jack, with considerable tact, "but, as I was saying—His fiancée smiled up at him sweetly. "Of course," she said, "you were talking about the trip. Now, dear, do as you please about it. You know best, of course. I had my heart set on that old point, but still—"

The next day Jack made arrangements for their California trip. He collected time tables from all quarters. He interviewed passenger agents and information men galore, and finally, true to his methodical mind, had his six weeks' route mapped out in perfect detail. And then, after making a large hole in his bank account for railway tickets, he tied the whole mass up in a neat bundle and put it in the safe, all ready for the trip to begin.

What he did or how he lived up to the ceremony he did not afterward know. It was enough that the time finally passed, like a strange dream.

At last they sat in the carriage on their way to the station from the church. "Darling," Jack murmured, "can you realize that it is all over, and that we are at last on our way to California?" "California!" she almost screamed. "We are not going to California, are we?"

"Certainly," said her husband. "Didn't I give you your choice, and didn't you?" His better half of thirty minutes burst into tears.

"California!" she muttered. "Why, I hate California! I thought, of course, you must know I wanted to go to Europe."

The Stranger.

WHEN he came down the broad walk leading to the summer hotel, fresh from the train, the girls began immediately to draw lots for him.

He was trim, he was dapper, at the same time handsome, with a certain air of manliness—a man's man. He had evidently been used to handling others.

"I'll bet," said Gertrude, "he is married." Gertrude always was a pessimist.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Geraldine. "Look at the way he walks. His shoulders are not bent. He hasn't got the bill atmosphere about him. Can't you see how unmarried he looks?"

"Well," said Helen proudly, "I've drawn him, anyway. I'll have the first chance."

"What are you going to do?" chorused the girls.

"Why, I'm going to do the regular thing. Girls, in four hours from now he and I will

The Old Garden

by Wells Hawks



be sitting in the shadow of yon distant rock, and you mustn't interrupt us."

"Well, I am next," said Gertrude. "You can only have him for twenty-four hours. Why, he isn't going into the office at all. He is!"

"Dear me," exclaimed Helen, "he doesn't need a shave."

At this moment the hotel clerk strolled out. "Why is it?" said Gertrude, "that the new arrival is going into the barber's shop?"

The clerk smiled as the girls crowded around.

"Because," he said, "he is the new head barber."

The Wayward Son.

ONCE upon a time a prodigal son, who was from home, got into debt and other trouble because he squandered every cent that he received from an indulgent father.

He desired to continue his life of dissipation, and in order to do so wrote to his father for money, saying that he intended to reform and be an exemplary young man in every way.

His father sent him a fat check.

Moral:—He who would continue in wrongdoing never objects to a check.

The Billionaire.

Nowadays a man's not rich With a mean and paltry million. His palm must twitch with a mighty itch For a cool and princely billion.

Bad News.

The Sofa—What makes the chair look so sum-to-day? The Settee—The mistress said she was going to have it caned.

In my memory there's a picture Of a dear old country place. Never will it quite efface. A silent, quaint old garden. With its leafy maples tall, Where the roses hung in clusters O'er the ivy covered wall.

There the hollyhocks were blooming, There the morning glory vine Was rich with purple blossoms In the summer's bright sunshine; There the honeysuckle trailing Near the quiet rustic seat, Where the birds were ever singing In the days we used to meet.

Near by the murmuring water, Rippling 'long its shady way, Seemed to me a love song singing That brought gladness to the day. And in fancy I've the picture— It's a sweet but bitter dream— As I see her standing, waiting, Where the willows kiss the stream.

Once I wandered to the garden, Down the paths love used to lead; But no flowers there were blooming— Where the roses, now the weed; And the brook still flowed on gently, But its murmurings were sad, And no more the birds were singing To make the morning glad.

Now deserted, dead and leafless, Like that garden, so my heart; For its blossoms, drooping, withered When our paths grew far apart. She has gone, but my love's living— That and memory is my all Of the days in that old garden, With its roses o'er the wall.

From Recent Novels.

"She turned up her nose at what he said. But she soon turned it down again, because every time she sneezed it put her hair out of curl."

"He laughed to split his sides." We believe they could have been split more quickly and more effectively with an axe.

"Oh, my child!" The amount she owed her child, however, is not stated.

"He tore up the street like a madman." To lay a few sewer pipes, perhaps.

"I will stick through thick and thin." We note in the opening chapter that the hero is a pretty "sharp" fellow.

"Ask father!" Do not think for one minute that this is a love affair. The above words were directed to the French dress-maker who had called to collect a bill.

"She lifted her eyes to his." This did not require much strength, as she had light eyes.

"I have become intoxicated with love for you, he said." Rather a cheap gag.

"Angrily he brought down his foot." We presume this incident took place in a medical college and that the speaker was one of the professors bringing down the foot to explain his bones to the students. The rest of the body, no doubt, was left up stairs in the toolbox.

F. P. FITZER.

The Weekly Gazette.

How we love the little paper, o'er so modest and so meet. As it comes its lengthy journey from the country every week; From the good old town behind us that we left so long ago, When the city fever becked us with its artificial glow. Oh, the news is never startling, and the pictures are but few, And it's crowded with stock matter, and the type is never new; But it brings an old time feeling as we turn its pages o'er, Reading here and there of neighbors, as we've often read before—

"John Smith has gone to Meadowbrook To see his brother Bill." "Like Marvin's hired the Peckham place On top of Miller's hill." "Sam Barton's fixed his elder pen." "Ben Holmes has bought a cow." "Hamp Culver's going to paint his barn." "It's time to hay it now." "Doc Sanders' boy has cut his foot." "The wells are getting dry." "The price of eggs has dropped a cent. But butter still is high." "A drummer came to town to-day." "Bill Brown has sold his mare." "Ice cream at Baker's corner store. It's cooling to be there."

Yes, we love the little paper, it's so brimming full of news, And we tear the pasted wrapper we're so eager to peruse; And we settle by the fireside while the world goes rushing on, And devote an hour to reading, which is all too quickly gone. And we look across the distance from the city to the town, And we sigh and brush a tear drop as we lay the paper down; For we're carried back to school days, and to good old days of yore, When we read these simple items, as we've often read before—

"The band will meet on Friday night." "Dick Wade is out again." "Lem Wallace's sold his sorrel horse And team to Enoch Lane." "Will Miner's passing round cigars— A bouncing boy, they say." "Dot Clarke has got the chicken pox." "The schools all close to-day." "Sim Haines is going to build an ell." "Church festival to-night." "The summer boarders have arrived. The town is lively quite." "A parcel lost on Miller's bill. Finder please leave it here." "Subscribe for 'The Weekly Gazette.' One dollar for the year." JOE CONE.

Dangers of a Train.

ONCE upon a time there was an awkward young man who was very happy, because he was dancing with the young lady whose affections he desired.

His thoughts were so busy with matters of love that he forgot about the intricate movements that his big feet were attempting to go through, and in his gyrations he began to tramp on the young lady's train. He was so slow in realizing the situation that he continued his awkwardness until the girl's skirt was badly torn.

Then she reproved him very sharply and never spoke to him afterward.

Moral:—It is dangerous to get off a train slowly.

Not in Ancient Minstrelsy.

Bones—When is cheese not? Interlocutor—I don't know, Brother Bones. Tell us when cheese is not. Bones—When it's smelt. Ha! ha! Clatter-clack!